

## SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

England is feeding daily a quarter of a million starving children in central Europe.

**Shave With Cuticura Soap**  
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no shiny soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

**Undoubtedly.**  
Old Man—"And if you had \$500 and multiplied it by two, what would you get?" Little Boy—"A motor car."

**A Happy Bald Headed Man.**  
Mr. Tom Morris, Room 21, 121 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois, has a valuable recipe for the hair, given him by an old friend, a chemist for many years. Tom says it stops dandruff and itching scalp and makes the hair grow. So many of his friends have wanted to try it that he has had the recipe printed and will mail it free to any person enclosing a two-cent stamp.—Adv.

**Decorative Splendor.**  
"Riches have wings."  
"True," replied Miss Cayenne. "But the effect depends on the intelligence with which they are utilized. The most beautiful search feather is likely to look a trifle shabby on the original bird."

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There is no longer the slightest need of looking ashamed of your freckles. Dr. O'Connell's Freckle Remover is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for these annoying spots.

Simply get an ounce of O'Connell's Freckle Remover from your druggist, and a few minutes of time and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have been so completely removed that they have almost entirely disappeared. It is so simple that even the most timid and nervous can use it with perfect safety. It is a beautiful cream complexion.

Be sure to get the O'Connell's Freckle Remover, as this is the only one guaranteed to remove freckles.

Truth is stranger than fiction to most people probably because they don't care for an introduction.

**Catarra**  
Catarra is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and improving the system, HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

All Druggists. Price 25c. Per Bottle. 50c. Per Dozen.

**Get Inspiration From Music.**  
Curtain's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, playing volubly over the strings, while his imagination, collecting his tones, was opening all its faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.—Herald.



**Baby's Health**  
is wonderfully protected and colic, diarrhoea, constipation, and other stomach and bowel troubles are quickly banished or avoided by using

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

This remedy quickly aids the stomach to digest food and produces most remarkable and satisfying results in regulating the bowels and preventing sickness.

Pleasant to give; pleasant to take. Harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator. Formulas on every label. Guaranteed bottle-refundable.

At All Druggists



**Better than Pills For Liver Ills.**  
NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright

**PARKER'S HAIR GALSAM**  
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Cleanses the Scalp, and Promotes the Growth of the Hair. Sold Everywhere.

**HINDCORN'S** Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, causes comfort to the foot, never hurting any. Sold by mail or at Druggists. Hindcorn Chemical Works, Philadelphia, Pa.



A New Romance of the Storm Country

### "YOU, YOU MUZZY!"

Synopsis.—Lonely and friendless, Tonnibet Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Chicago, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley. Tonnibet, Devon's father, announces he has arranged for Tony to marry Reginald Brown, a worthless companion. Mrs. Devon objects and Tonnibet beats her. Their quarrel reveals that there is a secret between them in which Tony is the central figure. Tony refuses to marry Reginald and escapes a beating by jumping into the lake. She finds a father's place with offer of reward for his delivery to a Doctor Pendelhaven. With the Pendelhavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her daughter and son, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is in love with Philip MacCauley. Tonnibet returns the picture to Doctor John, and later it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendelhaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's daughter, stolen in infancy. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat. Mrs. Devon is deeply surprised and makes Tony swear she will never tell of Tonnibet's brutality. The older Devon disappears and Tony is taken into the Pendelhaven house as a companion to Doctor Paul. Philip fights with Reginald on the boat and saves Tony. Tonnibet orders Philip off and back to Tony. Philip again rescues her. They exchange love vows. Doctor Paul improves and the Curtises are furious over her presence. Philip and Tony unexpectedly meet in the Pendelhaven home.

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.

She went extremely pale and put out her hand to grasp something for support as if she were going to fall. She saw him rise up slowly, an expression of amazement and relief going across his face. She smiled, but what a weary little smile it was and how full of pleading as if she were silently begging him to forgive her for some deed she'd done.

John Pendelhaven gazed at the two young people, and then he too got to his feet.

"Philip," he said abruptly, "this is Tonnibet Devon. She's Paul's companion. We have—"

Philip interrupted the speaker by his sudden bound around the table. "Tony Devon, little Tony," he cried. "I thought, oh I thought you were dead. I thought I'd lost you forever."

A smile fell from Katherine's lips, and Mrs. Curtis clutched to her face. "So you know her too, Philip," she murmured with a happy gasp at her father's daughter. "I thought we'd keep her well out of your way. So you've played the sneak while sitting head and butt in my lap, huh?" she burst out at Tony. "Well, it's what one might have expected of you—your baby."

"Mother," gasped Katherine, as Tonnibet watched her hands from Philip.

"Katherine, you needn't mother me," cried Mrs. Curtis, blind with rage. "Whether she goes away or I do, I won't stay in the house with a common sneak—a common—"

"Sarah, sit down," thundered John Pendelhaven. "Don't speak another such word or—"

Tony was at the doctor's side before he could finish his threat.

"I didn't speak," she said, looking up at him. "Oh, please—please believe me."

"That she didn't," cried Philip, coming to her side. "Cousin John, I've known Tony Devon ages, and I didn't even know she was in this house." He turned his flashing eyes upon Mrs. Curtis, who was weeping hysterically.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cousin Sarah," he went on, "to use such language to a perfectly nice little girl. Why, you've just about broken her heart."

His voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. His eyes misted in a youthful struggle to control his joy, and—and at the sight of him, Katherine bent her arms entirely.

"Who and what have we been harboring in this house, Cousin John?" she shrieked in a high thin voice, struggling to her feet. "A gutter rat, a little snake, a loose girl—"

Each word, brought out with greater vehemence and passion than the one before, struck the listeners dumb. In shame-faced misery, Tonnibet sank to the floor, dropping her head into her hands.

"Oh, no, I'm not that," she wailed. "My mother never lived in the gutter; she never did. I was poor, awful poor—"

"Poor!" exclaimed Katherine. "You're worse than poor. I suppose you've wheedled Philip the same way you have Cousin Paul."

"Katherine, I command you to be silent," shouted Pendelhaven. "If you say another word, I shall ask you to leave my house."

"Well, I never!" screamed Mrs. Curtis. "And you too, Sarah," thrust in the

doctor. "We don't know the truth of this thing, but I know very well that Tony Devon is not a bad girl."

"That she is not," interjected Philip. "Now I'll tell you all about it."

As John Pendelhaven raised her to her feet, Tonnibet lifted her head and fixed her tearful eyes on Captain MacCauley.

"You promised you'd never tell anybody," she murmured. Her mind was with the dead Edith Devon, and the words of her own serious reverent oath given in the presence of her widowed mother would not allow her to consent that Philip should lift the stigma heaped upon her by the Curtis women.

"So I did," admitted Philip, soberly. "But you see now this has happened. You must release me from that promise."

"I can't," sighed Tony. Then turned her face to Pendelhaven.

"You'll trust us," she pleaded, waving her hand toward Philip. "Please trust him and me."

"He," shrieked Mrs. Curtis. "Trust you—"

"Shut up, Cousin Sarah," snapped Philip at the angry woman. Then he addressed himself to the doctor. "I did promise her I wouldn't tell how we met. And I won't. In fact it isn't any one's business. Is it, Cousin John?"

"Not that I can see," came in rather drawling answer.

"I'll repeat what I said before," Philip took up hastily. "I didn't know she lived here."

"We're ready to believe that—now," cried Katherine.

Captain MacCauley stared at her. Was this frowning angry girl the smiling, yielding Katherine he had known or thought he had known?

"You can believe it or not, Katherine," he told her savagely. "It makes no difference to me. But it's true, just the same."

"Wait here for me, Philip," said the doctor, in a low tone. "I'll be back in a moment."

Then he took Tony by the hand and they went out together.

For several tense minutes a silence too dreadful to describe reigned down upon the dining room. Katherine twisted her fork sickly and Mrs. Curtis still sniffled in her handkerchief.

Philip looked from one to the other, wishing with all his heart he could say something that would clear the atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Sarah," he said abruptly, trying to smile. "It certainly was awkward, wasn't it?"

"Awkward?" repeated Mrs. Curtis, wrinkling her face. "Awkward isn't the word, Philip. It was disgusting."

The gorge rose again in his throat. "Tonnibet Devon is the best girl I know," he asserted. "Poor little thing. I pity her with all my heart."

"It is akin to love, my dear Philip," sneered Mrs. Curtis.

"Mother," cried Katherine. "Philip wouldn't so far forget himself and his friends and position as to love—well, if you can't keep your tongue still, go upstairs!"

This was a shock for Philip. That any girl could speak to her own mother in such a way was beyond his comprehension. The door opened just then and Dr. John walked in.

"She came down to tell me that Paul wanted me and forgot it," he said in a low tone. "The poor child is quite overcome."

Mrs. Curtis tossed her head and rose from the table, and Katherine, rising also, followed her mother out of the room.

There was very little said between the young man and his older friend after the ladies had taken their departure, but when Captain MacCauley was ready to leave, he looked anxiously at his companion.

"I'd like to kill her,"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Problem at Present.

"Do people in society talk about one another?"

"Not as much as they used to," said Miss Cayenne. "They seem to be letting one another alone and talking about their servants."

"Cousin John," he murmured. "You won't let any one—"

"Indeed not," interrupted the doctor, anticipating the lad's plea. "Tony Devon is here to stay, Phil."

"Could I—could I see her, Cousin John, just a minute?" the boy faltered.

"Not tonight, old fellow," replied the doctor, kindly. "Tomorrow, perhaps."

And Philip had to be content.

That evening Katherine spent with her mother in hopeless misery.

"He acted just as if he loved her," she wailed at one time in their conversation. "I'd give anything to find out how long he's known her."

"So would I," said Mrs. Curtis. "Katherine, we've got to get her away by some means. She's bewitched John—she's brought Paul up from his grave—and there's no telling, she may usurp your place in their wills."

"And now she's hoodwinked Philip," gulped Katherine. "Can't you think of some plan? Can't we claim she steals or something like that?"

"John wouldn't believe it, especially now that Reggie is coming home," was the answer. "His letter today said he'd be here very soon. Everything that happens in this house out of the ordinary is blamed on my poor boy."

And she began again to cry.

"Great Heavens, mother, don't do that," screamed Katherine. "Can't you see weeping doesn't do any good? You make me so nervous I could fly. We've got to make some plan to get her out of here. While you're sniveling all the time, you can't think."

Mrs. Curtis rose and walked to her bedroom door.

"My children have no sympathy for me at all," she shot back. "But you say I can't think while I cry? Well, watch me! I'll bet you five dollars Tony Devon is out of this house before another week is over."

The next morning when Reggie Brown came home, he went directly to his mother. Of course, as usual, she wept at the sight of him and began to upbraid him for his thoughtlessness. Why hadn't he let her know where he was? Why had he been gone so long?

Reggie laughed insolently.

"Do I ever let you know where I go, mother?" he demanded, dropping into an easy chair. "No, I don't, and I won't. I've come for five hundred dollars I have to have. Now cough it up."

"I haven't that much money in the world," sobbed Mrs. Curtis.

"Then wheedle it out of Cousin John," he commanded. "I've simply got to have it."

Paying no heed to his gruff command, Mrs. Curtis rocked to and fro in excess of agony.

"If Paul had died," she wept, "we'd have had a lot of money—"

"How do you know?" was Reggie's quick query.

"Because I know how his will's made," explained his mother, "and unless his Caroline is found, your Cousin John and I get all his money."

Reginald's eyes blazed into a flame of interest. Money was the only thing that attracted him.

"Why doesn't he die, then?" he asked, dropping back sullenly. "He's old enough and sick enough, isn't he?"

"Because he's getting well," replied his mother. "That girl—"

"What girl?" Reggie's voice asked the question in monotone.

"Some huzzy John picked up not long ago," was the reply. "She's brought Paul to life, and John is wild about her, and now—"

"Where is she?" interjected Reginald. "With your Cousin Paul. And Reggie, I'd give five hundred to get her out of the house."

The boy rose and stood gazing down at the tips of his highly polished boots.

"I'd give more than that," he replied solemnly. "To know Cousin Paul was in his grave."

"Then rid us of the girl, and he'll soon keep over," said the mother.

But Reginald wasn't interested in Cousin Paul's new companion. He wanted money and that was all, now that Tony Devon was dead.

"How about the five hundred for me?" he questioned, looking at her keenly.

"I've said I hadn't it, my son," said she. "Now run away and don't bother me any more."

Reggie did leave the room, but not the house. His mind was filled with many plans to get hold of the cash he needed. There were two things had to be done. Whoever the girl with Cousin Paul was, she had to go. It was enough that his mother didn't want her in the house. Reggie could abuse his own women folks; he could make them cry all he wanted to, but that any one, and a stranger too, could force his mother into a spell of hysterics, he wouldn't tolerate.

Then the other thing to which he had made up his mind almost brought his hair on end when he contemplated it. The world had to be relieved of Cousin Paul.

A little drop of something—Reggie rose to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. "I would be easy enough to get hold of, for Dr. John always had plenty of drugs on hand."

"I'd like to kill her,"

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These walls should be Alabastined in the latest, up-to-the-minute nature color tints. Each room should reflect your own individuality and the treatment throughout be a complete perfect harmony in colors.

The walls of the old home, whether mansion or cottage, can be made just as attractive, just as sanitary, through the intelligent use of

## Alabastine

Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper

How much better, when you have a new home, to start right than to have to correct errors afterward from former treatment with other materials, when you come to the use of Alabastine, as does nearly every one sooner or later.

Once your walls are Alabastined you can use any material over it should you desire, but having used Alabastine you will have no desire for any other treatment.

Alabastine is so easy to mix and apply—so lasting in its results—so absolutely sanitary—and so generally recognized as the proper decorative material in a class by itself that it is becoming difficult to manufacture fast enough to supply the demand.

Alabastine is a dry powder, put up in five-pound packages, white and beautiful tints, ready to mix and use by the addition of cold water, and with full directions on each package. Every package of genuine Alabastine has cross and circle printed in red.

Better write us for hand-made color designs and special suggestions. Give us your decorative problems and let us help you work them out.

**Alabastine Company**  
1635 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Get Ready for Hot Weather By Purifying the Blood

Many people simply melt in summer. They can't work or enjoy life. They lack vitality. Ten to one their blood is impoverished.

Rich, wholesome blood is the basis of vitality. If you have it, you sturdily withstand summer temperatures. But if your blood is poor, loaded with poisons that should be cast out, you are limp and useless in "shirt-sleeve" weather.

To avoid this, get from your druggist S.S.S., the famous vegetable blood tonic and alterative. It is just the thing for poor blooded people. After starting S.S.S., write us about your condition and we will send you expert medical advice free. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 839 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

**USED 50 YEARS**  
**S.S.S.**  
**AS A TONIC**  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

### IN YOUTH'S GAY SPRINGTIME

Incident of Innocent Pleasure That Excited the Admiration of Gap Johnson.

"It shore does a feller good to see the innocent pleasure children get out of the coming of spring!" said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "The first right warm day most of my young 'uns swarmed, as you might say, wife took and ripped 'em out of their underclothes that she'd sewed 'em up in last fall, and they hit the path for the creek, scratching and cussing merrily."

"They found there seven or eight of Gabe Giggery's kids, three or four of Jim-Tom Tully's, a bunch of Zeke Yawley's and several more than nobody could tell whose they were till they got their faces washed. Well, then there was a grand hooray as they all shucked themselves and whirled in to tying each other's clothes up in hard knots, and fighting about it, and such as that. Round and round and over and under they went, till they all fell into the drink and kept right on laming each other till they knocked all the water out of the creek."—Kansas City Star.

**ROOM FOR YOUNGER CRITICS**

They Have a Place in the World and a Duty That Is Well Worth Performing.

The younger critics, says Heywood Brown, are the lineal descendants of that little child in Anderson's fairy tale who, when the emperor was being made a spectacle of and all the world was being fooled by the sharp tailor, refused to be quiet and cried out, "He hasn't got anything on." These young enthusiasts who have no positions to lose and no dignities to live up to go about pointing to all our literary emperors and calling attention to the scantiness of their attire of greatness, and refuse to be silenced by their scandalized or terrified elders. Good sense bids us welcome their honest gaze at even the sacrosanct persons. It can't hurt anything really fine, and it's about time we came out of some of our illusions. William Allen White sized it up about right from the conservative point of view when he said in praising "Main Street": "Of course, I'm on the other side of the street myself, but that's just the reason why I like this book. It gives us fellows something to answer."

**In Memoriam.**

A crowded elevator in a western office building was nearing the bottom of its descent when it suddenly dropped a few feet, recovered, and continued its trip at a normal rate.

"It's all right," said the elevator boy reassuringly. "If it had fallen it would only have meant a couple of stories."

"That's all," replied a portly gentleman, casting a solemn eye upward. "Just two—one in the Star and one in the Times."—American Legion Weekly.

**All Alike.**

It was little Maurice's first day at school. Instead of playing with the other little boys he lingered near the door where the woman principal was showing the janitor how she washed the steps cleaned. He watched the performance a while and then he walked over to them. "Say," he said to the principal, "you boss your husband around just like my mother does here."—Indianapolis News.

**The Retort Feminine.**

Miss Oldun—"Are those men following us?" But—"One of us."—New York Times.

Bacon is more than twice as valuable as rump steak, from the food point of view.

**There's a Reason Why Grape-Nuts**

makes a helpful breakfast and a profitable lunch for the worker who must be awake and alert during the day.

Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley, and is exceptionally rich in nourishment.

It feeds body and brain without tax upon the digestion.

**"There's a Reason"**